

No.
30

PEP COMICS



The SHIELD

10¢

AUGUST



USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10¢ TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.



Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

DEAR JOE

Please enroll me as a member of the SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

Name _____

Address _____ Age _____

CUT ON THIS LINE

BULLETIN No. 10

“GODD guff” Talk about finding danger where you least expect it! When Dinky and I stepped up to the office this afternoon, we thought we’d have a peaceful few hours, but what actually happened is that we came pretty close to being trampled to death. The place is a madhouse!

Golly, I can recall from the uttermost way you fellows and gals greeted some of the other characters when they last joined the gang that you’d go for Pulpy Oakey as a leg-wag, but I didn’t expect anything like this. Soon as Dinky and I walked in, Black Head and Kordak and one or two others of the TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMIC gang grabbed us and took us over to congratulate Pulpy who was sitting with a grin a mile wide on his face and dragging thru a pile of letters as tall as he is. Postmen were rushing in and out, desks were piled higher and higher with letters — one desk even caved in. All I can say, again, golly!

But there’s your official business to take care of, and I’d better get right to it. To Pul Warner. That’s a swell idea, your cub troop having a show, with one fellow playing Dinky, and another pretending to be me, and so on. Who would, you seek to play Captain America, Pal? And I want to say hello to Tito Tostallo and J. Eisenberg, both of whom wrote top-notch letters from far off places. Tito from Baguio, Philippines, and J. Eisenberg (say, what does the “J” stand for? Just Jack? Jimmy?) all the way from Aberdeen Cape Province, South Africa.

Now ought making members of the Shield G Man Club this month are:

William McLean
442 E. Jefferson St.
Louisville, Ky.

Ann Cameron
929 E. Washington
Louisville, Ky.

Harold Marcus
302 East 15th Street
New York, N. Y.

Delmer Downs
Wanna, Alabama

LESLIE WARREN
Cornington, Va.

HAUCK PETER
Black River

A. ALTSCULE
4 Bayview Avenue
Port Elizabeth

JAMES HOSCHKE
54 Dananga
Berkeley, California

DOROTHY HICKS
Box 134
San Miguel

Joe Higgins (The Shield)

ONE AND ONLY

SHIELD

WITH **DUSTY**
THE BOY DETECTIVE

WILL THE SHIELD REGAIN HIS SUPER-POWERS? THE MOMENTS TICK BY... BREATHLESS, ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE MOMENTS... WITH THE GREAT QUESTION ALMOST AT HAND, THEN DUSTY, IN AN ACT OF SUSPENSE, THROWS THE SWITCH, THE DAYS WHICH ONCE BEFORE ENDOWED THE SHIELD WITH HIS SUPER-POWERS, POUR AGAIN OVER HIS OUTSTRETCHED GANTT FRAME, AND...





MEANWHILE THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY IN A GERMAN JAIL IN BERLIN A SCENE UNFOLDS THAT IS DESTINED TO GIVE THE SMELD HIS FIRST GREAT TEST



TALK YOU FRENCH SWINE TALK!



WELL I GIVE HIM ONE LAST CHANCE!

TELL US DER TRUTH SONN OF A FRENCHMAN!



HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY-BRING IN DER STRANGLER!



NO! NOT THE STRANGLER! SEE YOU!



THE DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN BY A SNARLED MIS-GUIDED MAN-MOUTH THE STRANGLER'S HAND!



YOU SUMMONED ME HERE CAPTAIN T

A STRANGLER A MATTER OF LOOS ENING DER TONGUE OF ONE OBSTINATE FRENCHMAN?



IT'S A PLEASURE CAPTAIN ONLY WON TING I LIKE TO DO AS MUCH AS PERSUADE PEOPLE WHO DOT IS RANT!

MY LATEST CREATION!
BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT?
HERE, KAPITAN!

OH--SO YES? HE
CALLED YOU TO
MAKE HIS BOY
TALK HERE,
STRANGLER?

I'LL TALK! I'LL TALK!
THE MAN WHO HAS
BEEN GIVING AWAY
YOUR SECRET PLANS
TO WASHINGTON IS
MONSIEUR BERGESE.
THE VICHY CONSUL
IN WASHINGTON!
AH--AH--UNH!

DO YOUR
QUESTIONS
NOT FEEL IN A
CHATTING MOOD,
ACH. DOT IS
BAD!

FOR HIM? MAY YOU
SOMETHING PRESSING
ON YOUR MIND?
DEN SPEAK!



THE NEXT DAY
HE HAS DISCOVERED
OUT DER VICHY CONSUL
IN WASHINGTON IS
DISCLOSURING OUR
PLANS TO THE
UNITED STATES?

LET US
SHALL
TAKE
CARE
OF HIM

SEND DER STRANGLER
TO AMERICA, TO GET RID
OF DER VICHY PEST!
HIM FORGED PAPERS
AND TELL HIM TO
GO RIGHT AWAY!



GENERAL EVENING LATER
IN WASHINGTON JOE HODGINS
AND GUSTY TACK IN
AN OPERA...

JUST WAIT!!
YOU SEE HER
JOE?



WHAT A
VOICE! WHAT A
FIGURE!
WHAT CLAIR!



COME ON
WITH US! I'M SORRY
WE'RE THAT EARLY, BUT
SHE'S A GOOD
VESSEL!



BUT WE'VE NOW
MADE WE'LL STOP
COMING HERE - WE'VE
ALREADY SEEN THE
SHOW FIVE TIMES!

OH SOON
THIS IS HER
DOOR!

BOY THAT JUVENILE STATE
REALLY GOT GUSTY BOWING
JUST LOOK AT THAT DOPPEY
EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE!

THAT'S
THE END OF THE
OPERA, BOY SHE'S
WONDERFUL!



HEY
WAKE UP
JOE! IT'S
ALL OVER!



ER MY NAME'S GUSTY AND THIS IS MY
PAUL JOE HODGINS - WE'VE JUST
WANTED TO TELL YOU HOWER -
MARVELOUS - ER -

HOW
O'D YOU
DO?



PARDONNE
M'OI! 20
TELEPHONE!

HALLO? YES, PAPA,
IT'S ME, YVONNE! I
WISH YOU COULD HAVE
SEEN ME TONIGHT!

I HEARD YOU
OVER THE RADIO
WHEN YOU
SOUNDED
MARVELOUS!

SUDDENLY, A TERRIFYING FORM
ENTERS THE ROOM.

WHA? ARE YOU?
GET OUT
OF MY OFFICE!



YOUR
COLLABORATION
WITH AMERICA IS
OVER!

YOU ARE MISTAKEN, HERE
DEERS -- OH, IS DER
STRANGLER'S OFFICE
NOW?

THE STRANGLER'S
MANGLED FINGERS
REACH FORWARD
FORWARD.

I DO NOT KNOW, BUT I
HEAR THE SOUND OF
STRUGGLING -- AND THEN
ALL IS QUIET!

SO LONG,
YVONNE, AND
DON'T WORRY!

PAPA, SPEAK
TO ME, WON YOU?
SOMETHING TERRIBLE
HAS HAPPENED!

WHAT'S YOUR FATHER'S
NAME AND ADDRESS? I
WILL HURRY DOWN
THERE!

SAY, WHAT'S
GOING ON,
ANYWAY?



HE HEARD THE NAME STRANGER,
SHE SAID, AND HER SMILE WAS OF
THE FRENCH LEGATION... THAT ADDS
UP TO TROUBLE!

LOOKS LIKE A
RECEPTION
COMMITTEE!

WOW! THEY'RE
READY TO RECEIVE
MY RISK!



WELL?
WHERE ARE
YOU HEADING
GUYDE SUIT?

YOUR
JAW, YOUR
GUN!

I'M GOING
TO SEE THE FRENCH
CONSUL AND I DON'T WANT
ANY SUITS WHO GET IN
MY WAY!



WHAM



WOW! ALL THIS
HOUSE? DID I HEAR SOME
ONE ASK FOR DESK CONSUL?

DID
THIS
GARBAGE
WAS IN
MY WAY?



BOM!

I'M SORRY BUT TRAM
WONDERED YOU' DETER. WERE
GENTLEMEN, WHERE THERE
IS PEACE AND QUIET?

I DON'T GET THIS!
WHO ARE YOU... AND
WHERE'S MY BURGERS
THE VICHY CONSUL?

BURGERS?
OH, YOU
MEAN THE
FORMER
CONSUL.

WHY--
HE WAS
SUDDENLY
CALLED
BACK TO
FRANCE!

TRAM
SAYS THAT
HIS BEING ROLLED
UP WAS A
DANCE!

ACH! NO! IT
OFFENDED MY
ARTISTIC SENSE
OF COLOR! I'M
HAVING IT
CHANGED!

A FLAME OF UNDERSTANDING
BURNED BETWEEN DUSTY
AND THE VICHY

SOME-
THING'S FISHY
ABOUT THAT CAR-
PET!

SUDDENLY

OH! MY STOMACH!
MUST HAVE BEEN
THAT APPLE
ATE!

DO YOU
MIND SHOWING
ME YOUR CREDENTIALS
AS THE NEW CONSUL?

NOT AT ALL! I
HAP BEEN ADDRESSING
OUR BEAUTIFUL BOY-
SCOUTS AND WAR
BROTHERS AND WAS
NOT YET ABLE TO
SEE ANYBODY. DO
LET US GO TOGETH-
ER TO DINN!

OWED? MY STUNNICK'S WORSE? I'M GOING TO BEAT IT, SHIELD!

SURE KID! I'LL RUN ALONG WITH THE NEW CONGLU TO THE AMBASS-ADORE!

DUSTY RACES OUT- SIDE JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE MOVING VAN PULLING AWAY

BLOOD!

WOOT THE SHIELD HAD THE RIGHT IDEA!

IM STICK- ING WITH THESE GUYS!

THE CITY DUMP!

THAT CLINGER- IT-YIGHNS DAD IS IN THAT RUB!

HURRY KIT DIBS FUST'VE BURN THE BODY QUICK!

NOT SO FAST BURN! I DON'T LIKE YOUR NAZI ACCENT...

I'M GOING TO KEEP
THESE STREETS
CLEAN IF I HAVE TO

SPLAT

DUMP ALL YOU RATS
WHERE YOU BELONG!

WE GOT THE
EVIDENCE NOW!
HERE HE COMES,
SHIELD!

SUCH A LUFFY COLOR
SCHEME DER AMBASS-
ADOR'S OFFICE HAS. HE'VE
COME. LET'S GO, SHIELD!

CITY
HONORARY
PLANT

HERE ARE MY
CREDENTIALS,
YOUR EXCELLENCY!
I'M SURE YOU'LL
FIND THEM ALL IN
ORDER!

ARE THEY,
AMBASSA-
ADOR?

THEY
CERTAINLY
ARE! NOTH-
ING'S WRONG.
HE MUST
BE THE
NEW RICKY
CONSOLE!

I MUST GO NOW.
MY FRIEND, DO COME
AND SEE ME IF YOU
ARE IN THE NEIGH-
BORHOOD - I SHOULD
LOVE TO SHOW YOU
MY PAINTINGS!





AT THAT MOMENT
GUSTY APPEARS...

HOLD EVERY-
THING! DON'T
LET BIG-HANDS
GET AWAY!

LOOK, SHIELD!
THE REAL CONSLA-
MURDERED!

GET YOURSE OVER HERE
TO IDENTIFY
HIM!

HELLO! GET
ME THE OPERA
HOUSE RIGHT
AWAY!

NO THERE'S
A SHAWSTICKA
UNDER YOUR
COAT, SH?

IS YOUR
COC-DE-BOE
STRANGLER? YOU
WOLDED!

DO YOU
WANT TO FIGHT?
WELL, GOY!

TAKE YOUR
CLUMSY HANDS
OFF ME! I DON'T
LIKE IT!

LIKE THIS
ANY BETTER
STRANGLER?

WHAM!



SUDDENLY TYONNE RUSHES IN...

I GOT DUSTY'S PHONE CALL. MON PERS - FATHER - WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO REENT?

NOW STEADY KID - STEADY! I'VE GOT BAD NEWS...



PLEASE WHELUK SHIELD TELL ME HE IS NOT ALL RIGHT MAID MON?

W HOOKY KID? HE'S DEAD? HUR-DEED! BY THE TULLY'S NAME!

PA-PA-PA-PA!



WELL, WELL, LEAVING SO SOON, STRANGER!

LIKE YOU STRANGER? WHY DON'T YOU STICK AROUND A WHILE?



HAVE ON TO ME DUSTY, I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A JIFFY!



OKAY DUSTY! THE SITUATION IS WELL IN HAND!



SET THE POLICE, DUSTY?



YOU'LL HAVE A NICE LONG TIME TO PERFECT YOUR ARTISTIC TALENTS - STRANGER!



WELL THAT'S ROUND ONE OF MY BATTLE WITH MY SUPER-POWERS... THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!

TRUE WORDS WERE NEVER SPOKEN. SHOULD YOU'VE GOT A NEW MOVE THAT LUNG FIGHT ON YOUR HANDS IN EVERY ISSUE OF REP and SHIELD WHEARD Comics Today EVER BEFORE

The

HANGMAN

NURSERY RHYMES
THESE TINKLING
THAT ONCE HEARD
MENT THE WORLD
STRANGE AND HORRIBLE
FATE - BECAME
INVITATIONS TO
LITTLE COUPLETS
LAUGHTER AND AMUSE
- NOW, BY A
TWIST OF
RHYMED
DEATH!

MOTHER
GOOSE

READ ON (IF YOU
DARE) AND FOLLOW
THE JUGGERNAUT
FORM OF THE HANG-
MAN - AS HE RIPS
THROUGH THE MOCK-
ING PAGES OF "MOT-
HER GOOSE TALES"
IN THE MOST EERIE
AND SINISTER
ADVENTURE OF
HIS CAREER...



HIGH ABOVE MANHATTAN IN THE FASHIONABLE PENTHOUSE OF SIMON DICKSON A BUTLER ENTERS.



WHAT IS IT, BARON?

A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER FOR YOU SIR!

HMM? THAT'S STRANGE. A NURSERY rhyme ABOUT SIMPLE SIMON AND



TELLING ME TO GO TO CRABBE ISLAND TONIGHT? WONDER WHO COULD HAVE SENT THIS TO ME?



HURRIDLY, SIMON WALKS FOR HIS CLEEK CAR



WHEN SIMON GETS A PLEASANT BONG TO THE FACE REMINDS HIM TO THE AGE BEFORE, THAT I TASTY TOLL



MY DEAR SIMON COME TO CRABBE ISLAND TONIGHT, BUT BE SURE TO TELL NO ONE YOU ARE THE FAVORITE AND CROWN SON YOUR MOTHER'S WISH IS THAT YOU INHERIT THE ENTIRE FORTUNE!

SO ANOTHER FINALLY FORGAVE ME FOR NEGLECTING HER? I NEVER ALONG I WAS HER FAVORITE SON?



MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY, BOB DICKERING FINDS A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER AMONGST HIS MAIL



WHAT? MY MOTHER IS SENDING ME MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES ABOUT COCK ROBERT GOOSE-THING'S SCREWY?





THIS BEARS
LOOKING INTO
LET'S GET UP
TO CRADLE
ISLAND RIGHT
AWAY!



MEANWHILE IN
THE DARKNESS THE
LOW LIGHT OF
A FULL MOON
STANDS THE
FORBIDDING
CASTLE OF
CRADLE
ISLAND.



AND BEHOLD A STORMY SCENE AMONGST THE BROTHERS,
AS THEIR UNCLE JOHN WATCHES SILENTLY...

A BIRD BROTHER YOU
TURNED OUT TO BE -
YOU AND YOUR PRE-
TENSE OF BEING AN
ENGLISHMAN -
WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE?

YES -
WHAT?



I DON'T HAVE TO
ANSWER TO YOU,
SIMON OR TO
ROBIN EITHER!
IT'S NONE OF
YOUR BUSINESS
WHY I'M HERE!



ANY MORE OF YOUR
INSULTS AND I'LL KILL
YOU - SO HELP ME, I'LL
KILL YOU!



SUDDENLY SIMON RISES
IN THE PRET I'VE
BEEN POISONED!



H-HELP!
I...I'M
CHOKING!



GASING FRANTICALLY,
SIMON STAGGERS TO
HIS ROOM



H-HELP!
Ugh -
slub!



HEE-HEE-HEE!
I'LL SCRATCH OUT
THE LAST LINES
OF THIS POEM
AND

WOMAN WHO MET A
GENTLEMAN IN THE HALL
AND THREE MEN
WENT TO THE
ROOMS. SHE
SAID: "MY
HUSBAND DIED OF
POISON
SITTING IN
HIS CHAIR!"



WHILE, WHAT
DO YOU WANT?

GROSS TO
TROUBLE YOU
BUT WE'VE RUN
OUT OF GAS...
I WONDER...



SUDDENLY LOUD MOCKING
LAUGHTER PRECEDES THE AIR...

THAT
CAME FROM
UP STAIRS!



AS DICKERIN'S RUSHES
UPSTAIRS, HE FINDS...



HMM! A NOTE
ON HIS CHEST!



SOMEONE WHO
WAS GOING TO
MURDER DICKERIN
AND HIS WIFE
AND HIS CHILDREN
AND HIS DOGS
AND HIS CATS
AND HIS FISH
AND HIS BIRDS
AND HIS INSECTS
AND HIS PLANTS
AND HIS HOUSE
AND HIS GARDEN
AND HIS FENCE
AND HIS DRIVE
AND HIS PORCH
AND HIS PATIO
AND HIS TERRACE
AND HIS BALCONY
AND HIS PORCH
AND HIS PATIO
AND HIS TERRACE
AND HIS BALCONY



DICKERIN WIFE DOWNSTAIRS

DON'T THROW AWAY
THAT PIE!



HMM!
JUST AS I
THOUGHT!

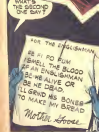


THIS PIE'S BEEN
DOGGED WITH CYANIDE,
A DEADLY POISON!

WHAT?







DO YOU SEE THE HANGMAN
LET FALL ONE OF THE NOTES



AAAAAAAAA

THAT CAME
FROM UP THERE!



TAKE IT EASY
BROU-SHMAN!
I'M COMING
UP!



JUST IN
TIME AND I
DON'T MEAN
MAYBE!

CURSE YOU
HANGMAN...
I'LL GET
YOU YET!

LIKE A HIDEOUS
BAT, "MOTHER
GOOSE" CATCHES
HOLD OF ONE THE
WINDMILL'S SAILE



AND THE BEARS
TURN...

I'M CAUGHT!
MY CLAWS
ROLLING
ME!



DRAINED OFF BALANCE THE
HANGMAN IS SUDDENLY
PLUMMETED EARTHWARD.



OUTSIDE "MOTHER GOOSE"
REACHED THE GROUND IN
ANOTHER FASHION...



SHE RUSHES BACK INTO THE WELL.

THE HANGMAN
HE'S FALLEN!



HE'S UNCONSCIOUS!
WHAT WONDERFUL
LUCK - HE, HE, HE.



COME WITH ME MY LITTLE
HANGSMAN. WHAT A
BEAUTIFUL CORPSE
YOU WILL MAKE!



WITH SURPRISING STRENGTH
"NOTHER GOOSE" HEAVES THE
LIMP BODY OF THE HANGSMAN
INTO THE WELL.



HE-HE-HE-
DING DONG
BELL THE HANG-
MAN'S GONE TO
WELL!



THE ICE BRICK
SUDDENLY
REVIVES THE
HANGSMAN.



AND VAINLY HIS FINGERS
CLAW FOR SAFETY.



IT'S TOO SLIPPERY -
I CAN'T MAKE IT!

THE SCENE SHIFTS WHERE WE SEE THELMA WHO FINDS...

A NOTE!
WONDER
WHAT IT
IS!



DING DONG BELL
HANDMAID IN THE
WELL... THE
WELL!



AS THE EMPLOYMENT OF EVIL "MOTHER GOOSE"
OPENS THE RUSTY DOOR TO THE FAMILY
CRYPT...



AH BACK AT
LONG LAST!

THE MASK IS REMOVED REVEALING THAT THE
PERPETRATOR OF HORROR IS UNCLE JOHN!



MY MISSION IS ALMOST
ACCOMPLISHED. TWO OF
THE SONS ARE DEAD!

YOU NURSED THOSE
SCOUNDRELS TO MAN-
HOOD, NURSED THEM
WITH ALL THE BRADY
OF YOUR SOUL CROOKED
THEM TO SLEEP WITH
THE MOTHER GOOSE
RHYMES YOU LOVED SO
WELL, AND THEY KNEW
YOU BY LEAVING YOU
WHEN YOU NEEDED
THEM MOST!



DEAR SISTER, THE GATH
I SPOKE TO YOU ON YOUR
DEATH-BED WILL NOT BE
FULFILLED, THE MEMORY OF
YOUR SUFFERING GIVES
ME STRENGTH!



UNCLE
JOHN MAKES A
PERVANT NOW OVERT
THE COFFIN OF HIS
DEAD SISTER!

ON THE NIGHT YOU DIED?
REMEMBER ONLY TOO WELL
HOW YOU CRIED FOR THE
CHILDREN WHO DESERTED
YOU!



WHERE ARE
MY GONE? WERE
SAMON, AND ROBIN
AND...



CAPTAIN COMMANDO

AND THE
BOY SOLDIERS

ON TO
VICTORY
AND
FREEDOM!

I'M BILLY
GRAYSON
AMERICAN!

MY NAME IS
GERALD DYWEE,
AND ENGLAND
IS MY HOME!

ABRAHAM
DE LATOUR,
A FREE
FRENCHMAN!

MY NAME
CALLED BY
JANSEN
AND FROM
HOLLAND!

THIS IS A TALE
OF FOUR AGENES
SOME-ONE YOU DO YOU GO
TO-SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.
ALTHOUGH THEY COME FROM
MANY LANDS, THEY ARE UNITED
IN THEIR LOVE OF FREEDOM!
AND THEIR AGENT FREEDOM'S
ROSEMARY CHAMPION, THE
WORLD RENOWNED FIGHTER
AGAINST TYRANNY
**CAPTAIN
COMMANDO!**

WOULDN'T CAPTAIN
COMMANDO BE
PLANNING ANOTHER
EXPEDITION? THE NAZIS
ARE DOUBLING THEIR
GARRISONS ALL ALONG
THE COAST!

SLIMMY! IT MUST BE
FINE TO FIGHT UNDER
A MAN LIKE THAT! HE
HOLD OFF THOSE NAZIS
AT DUNKERK! THEY
SAY HE FIGHTS LIKE
A WILD MAN!





SAY SEE NOTHING AT THE BATTLE OF SAINT MARYS. HE WAS THE ONE WHO BLEW UP THE BRIDGE THAT SAVED MY FATHER'S REGIMENT! SAY FATHERS SAY HE NEVER COME ANONE WITH SUCH COURAGE IN ALL HIS LIFE!



FOR THE WOMAN BOY, SPEAK UP.

AND SAN WISHING WE COULD SERVE WITH COME COMMANDOS IN NORMAN IN MY COUNTRY. THERE ARE MANY MEN WHO WOULD GIVE DERS LIVES TO FIGHT FOR CAPTAIN COMMANDO!



I SAY THAT'S A JOLLY IDEA! MAYBE WE COULD JOIN UP! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY WE COULD HELP!

AS YOU ENGLISH SAY BEST SEE WORTH A TRY!



SE THE POLICE ARE GOING WANT TO JOIN UP! BUT AS ONLY DAYTON DOES HAVE, HE IS WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING HE COULD NOT TELL HIS FRIENDS.

SEE! WONDER WHAT DID HE GOING TO SAY?



WHAT'S THE MATTER, DAD? DON'T YOU FEEL WELL?

IT'S THIS PERFECTLY HORROR WEATHER! REALLY, I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN STAND IT!



IS DAD THERE'S SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO LIKE TO ASK YOU! ITS ABOUT JOINING UP WITH THE COMMANDOS!

I WON'T HAVE IT! I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE WHAT I THINK ABOUT FIGHTING!



AND ESPECIALLY WITH MEN LIKE THE COMMANDOS. WASHING NO REGARD FOR HUMAN LIFE!



THE CHILDREN! ONLY! MEN! ASKED OF ME! AND MATTER WHAT THE COST! I WON'T LET HIM DO IT!

SOME DAY, WE'LL KNOW
THE TRUTH. THEN MAYBE
WE'LL UNDERSTAND?



BUT IFE I'DASH LIKE COMEINT
FOR ME... SOMETIMES I CAN'T
STAND IT! IT'S TOO MUCH
TO ASK OF ANY MAN!



DAD SAYS I CAN'T GO
BUT I'M SURE ANYWAY
I DON'T CARE WHAT
ANYBODY SAYS!



THAT'S
THE
GUY
BILLY!

AT THE COMMANDO HEADQUARTERS,
THE FOUR YOUNG ADVENTURERS
MEET WITH A RESULT.

WE CAN USE A
NORWEGIAN BOY
AS GUIDE. BUT
THE REST OF
YOU WOULDN'T
HAVE ANY PLACE
IN A COMMANDO
OUTFIT?

HEY, FELLAS, I'VE GOT
A PLAN! WHEN
BILLY FINES OUT
WHERE THE BOAT IS
LEAVING, HE CAN
HELP JAMMIE THE
REST OF US ABOARD!
HOW DOES THAT
SOUND?

RISKY,
BUT WE'LL
TRY IT!



THAT NIGHT, THE BOYS SLIP ABOARD
A SLOOP RIDING AT ANCHOR IN
THE HARBOR.

KEEP OUT OF
SIGHT! STAY IN
HIDING UNTIL
AFTER WE'RE IN
THE CHANNEL!



LATER

HAVE YOU
SEEN CAPT.
COMMANDO?
WHERE IS
HE?

YOU CAN COME
OUT NOW! BUT
KEEP QUIET!



I THOUGHT I
HEARD VOICES!
COME OUT OF
THERE, YOU
DICKS!







ON HELLSON! DON'T TELL ME THEY'VE GOT YOU HERE TOO! ALL I DID WAS TAKE A BIT OF A STROLL BY THE DOORS FOR A BREATH OF AIR! THE HOT WEATHER Y'KNOW... AND FIRST THING I KNEW THESE BILLY COMMAND FELLOWS POKED ME UP! THOUGHT I WAS SAYING ON THEM! CAN YOU IMAGINE?



WATSE YOU ASKING YOU SAY? I DON'T THINK THERE WERE ANY GAYS LEFT WHO WERENT IN UNIFORM

POOR BILLY! MARRIED MAN! WAS A RATHER LIKE THAT!



I HATED TO DO IT YOUR OWN BONT HE THINKS THAT YOU

NEVER MIND THAT! THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE! IMPORTANT!



BILLY YOU CAN TAKE THIS TOO MARR!

CHEER UP LADDER!



CAPTAIN! YOU'VE GOT MORE COURAGE THAN I THOUGHT YOU HAD! WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?



WELL, AND HERE! OUR OBJECTIVES ARE TO RELEASE PRISONERS AND DESTROY ALL WELSH ORDERS ARE THE SAME AS ALWAYS! RIGHT TO THE DEATH!



SO, IN A BLESSED DAWN, SOMEWHERE ON THE ROCKY COAST OF NORWAY AN INTERIOR BAND OF COMMANDER COMES ASHORE! THEY SEPARATE INTO TWO GROUPS AND BRING GO ABOUT PREPARING TO INVADE A CONTINENT



GIVE THEM A HINT BEHIND THE MARCHED FIGURE OF THEIR LEADER, CAPTAIN COMMANDO.

FORWARD, MEN! LET THIS BE A DAY THE HUNS WILL NEVER FORGET!



WHILE THE MAIN BODY RUSHES DOWN UPON THE NAZI HORDES OF SENDING THE PRISONERS ON THEIR WELLS.



THIS WAY, GUY! I CAN SHOW YOU WHERE OUR GUARDS KEEP PRISONERS!



STAY HERE, COMRADE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS SQUARE-HEAD!



GOT HIM! GO GET THE REST OF THE SQUAD!

GOTT IN HIMM...!



OUTSIDE THE GENTRYON GUARD IS DROPPED IN HIS TRACKS! THE COMMANDOS STORM INTO THE PRISON.

THEY SWORE IN ON THE FLANK OF THE NASTY TOWNS
TO HOLD OFF THE ATTACKS! OTHER TROOPS
CAME UP QUICKLY TO MEET THE COMMANDOS
IN FIERCE HAND TO HAND BATTLE!



THE FIGHTING RAGES
BACK AND FORTH.
THE COMMANDOS
SLOWLY GAIN THE
UPPER HAND, AND
THEN...



THE BOY
SOLDIERS
ENTER THE
ROOM,



YANKIES DON'T COME!

SEN MY COUNTRY, THEY
CALL THESE "A SAMURAI"
I HOPE YOU LIKE
SET!



ONE, TWO,
THREE,
FOUR!



THANKS
OLD CHAP!

YOU'RE
FREE
NOW!

OUTSIDE A HAT
DRESSED HEARD
THE SOUND OF
FIGHTING.

ACHTUNG!
DESTROY THE
COMMANDOS!!





CAPTAIN COMMANDO DROVE
REARLY WITH THE MAIN
BODY OF TROOPS BEHIND
THE MAIN ROLLING BACK,
CARRYING THEM WOUNDED
THE COMMANDO RETREAT
TOWARD THE BEACH...



WE'RE SAFE AS
NOW AND OUR
MISSION IS
ACCOMPLISHED!

THANKS
TO YOU,
CAPTAIN
COMMANDO!



BY GART!
SURE LIKE
TO KNOW
WHO CAPTAIN
COMMANDO
IS?

BEHOLD
ME, FELLOWS!
I'LL BE
RIGHT
BACK!



OH, ER,
CAPTAIN
COMMANDO,
COULD I TALK
TO YOU A
MINUTE?

I'M
PRETTY
BUSY!



TOO BUSY EVEN
TO TALK TO ME,
DAD?



YOU
KNOW
WHO
I AM?



DID YOU
THINK I
COULDN'T
TELL MY
OWN FATHER
TO KNOW ME
IN ANY KIND
OF DISGUISE?

SON, I HAD TO KEEP IT A
SECRET AND NOW YOU
MUST HELP BY NEVER
TELLING
ANYONE
WHAT YOU
KNOW!

YOU
CAN
TRUST
ME, DAD?



THERE'S A LONG
HARD FIGHT AHEAD
OF US! WE MUST
NEVER LET OUR
ENEMIES KNOW
ANY MORE THAN
WE CAN HELP!

SURE?
I'M SO
PROUD
OF YOU I
WISH THE
WHOLE
WORLD
KNEW
YOU'RE
MY DAD!



AND SO, REUNITED AGAIN,
FATHER AND SON WATCH
THE LAND PASS AWAY IN
THE DISTANCE BEHIND
THEM AS THE SLOOP SETS
ITS COURSE TO THE WEST
AND ENGLAND...



HAVE YOU JOINED THE BOY
SOLDIERS OF AMERICA YET?
LOOK FOR THE COUPON IN
THIS BOOK AND FILL IT
OUT AT ONCE!

DANNY

IN WONDER- LAND



IN THE LAST ISSUE DANNY AND HIS NEW FOND FRIEND ALICE WERE KIDNAPPED FROM WONDERLAND TO THE LAND OF NIGHTMARES! KUMPIE AND SHAPPER IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED!

SOUND STAGE

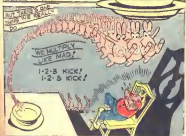
2

WHO ARE YOU AND WHY DID YOU BRING US HERE?

I AM WE'LL SA RABBIT DIRECTOR EXTRAORDINARY OF THE STUPENDOUS, COLOSSAL, GIGANTIC PRODUCTIONS OF NIGHTMARES, INC.

IN FACT, WE'RE PRETTY GOOD!

QUICK!



DO YOU LOVE TO
EAT US, WELSH RAB-
BIT? WELL, IT'S
OUR TURN NOW...
WATCH ME. NOW...
WATCH ME GROW!

AND GROW, AND GROW!
I'M GOING TO EAT
YOU! NOW HEH HEH!
HEH, HEH!

CUT!

WHAT KIND OF ACTING DO
YOU CALL THAT? YOU
COULDN'T SCARE SHREY!
TEMPLE WITH THAT FACE
NO FEELING! NO
DRAMA!

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE
HIGHEST PAID NEUTRALIZEE IN THE
BUSINESS. WHAT'RE YOU TRYIN'
TO DO - SABOTAGE ME? I'LL
BURN YOU OUT TO SWEET-
DREAMS, INC. - SO HELP ME!

OKAY, POLKE,
NOW FOLLOW ME.
YOU'RE GOING TO SEE
ANOTHER PRODUCT-
ION IN THE MAKING!

MY ASSOCIATE
DIRECTORS - BILL
PICKLE AND I,
SCREAM COME!









CRASH



COME ON! RUN LIKE YOU'VE NEVER RUN BEFORE!

HEY! WAIT FOR ME!



DOPE! THE FILM'S CAUGHT ON ME. I CAN'T STOP TO RE-IT NOW!



WE'RE SAFE NOW! WE'VE CROSSED THE BORDER LINE INTO THE LAND OF SWEET DREAMS!

Now get to work!



HEH! THOUGHT YOU COULD CATCH US, YOU DOPE!

HEY! THAT FILM GIVES ME AN IDEA!



I'LL PUT A MATCH TO IT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



SHADES OF CAESAR! STOP THAT FIRE. IF IT EVER HITS ALL THAT FILM LYING AROUND IN OUR STUDIOS IT'LL



DON'T GO!



OH, DANNY - I'M SO GLAD MY ADVENTURES WON'T GIVE ANYBODY ANY MORE NIGHTMARES!



SERGEANT BOYLE



JUST THREE OF US WILL NEVER GET TO THE RAJAH'S BANQUET!

DE BARR, SERGEANT BOYLE AND CAPTAIN WARRER ATTEND A DINNER GIVEN BY THE AMERICAN CLUB. MEATS ON THE LOCAL BULLER.

AND NOW, GENTS, BEFORE I MAKE A VERY INTERESTING SPEECH, I PROPOSE A TOAST! TO ME, THE MOST ENLIGHTENED, MOST PROGRESSIVE, MOST CULTURED ETC.



IMAGINE TOASTING YOURSELF! THE CRUST OF THE BUN!

SHH, QUIET!



SOON LATER, AND I HAVE ALWAYS HAD A SOFT SPOT IN MY HEART FOR THE ENGLISH EVER SINCE I WAS EXPELLED FROM OXFORD AND FURTHERMORE BLA BLA BLA. I THANK YOU! APPLAUSE, PLEASE.



CLAP CLAP CLAP

BOY, TALK ABOUT THE BIG WIND! I THOUGHT THAT JERRY'D NEVER STOP TALKING! HEY, THREE, YOU CAN WAKE UP NOW! IT'S ALL OVER!



AND NOW THIS VERY SENTIMENT! WE WILL HAVE OUR DAILY CONFERENCE!



(BARR) THIS CRAP CAN EVEN OUT-TALK US DIPLOMATS!

YES, RAJAH! SEE YOU LATER, SERGEANT!



"GROSS! WE WOULD GET STUCK RECORDING AN ENGLISH DIPLOMAT! NOTHING TO DO BUT LISTEN TO A JERKY RAGGIE AND EAT BAD FOOD!"



"EVEN THIS LAYOUT IS SURELY AN ENGLISH CASTLE STUCK HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE!"



"YEAH BUT THIS RAGGIE MIGHT SAVE A LOT O' WEIGHT WITH THE MADDENERS!"



"HAY! TART RE GUESS MONITORING TO AM BERRY. SAY 'WHAT'S THAT?'"



"I COULD'VE SWORN I SAW SOMEBODY SWIM INTO THE CABLE!"















HEARD YOU SAY THE THING
SOUND LIKE THAT? HOW COULD
FOLLOWING ME AROUND?
I'M A LONG YOUR
SELF?



GREAT GLOBE, BOYLE?
THAT BOY GOT THE
HE THE ONE YOU
WERE TELLING
ME ABOUT?



BOY, WHY YOU'RE
BROUGHT BACK
HE IS A JAW
BOY!

HE?



BE BETTER, OH
GREAT AND NOBLE
KING, I CAN I OFFER
MY SUNDAY ON
YOUR FATHER'S
UNTIMELY END!



AT LAST THERE IS ONE
WHO CAN SPEAK MY
LANGUAGE. I'VE BEEN
TRYING TO TELL MY
AMERICAN FRIENDS
WHO I AM, AND WHY I
CAME WITH THEM.
I KNEW THE JAPANESE
WOULD HAVE KILLED
ME IF I SAID
JUST AS THEY DID
MY FATHER!



OF COURSE! AND YOU MAY
DEPEND ON HIS MAJESTY'S
FULLEST PROTECTION! WE
SHALL BRING YOU BACK
TO YOUR HOME IMMEDIATELY!



THANK YOU
GENERAL
SERGEANT BOYLE?

OH, HE
DID, DID
HE?



ABOUT THAT JEWISHARD
GENERAL - THE ID. BY
THE RAJAH
CONGRATULATIONS, THE
RAJAH TOLD ME ABOUT
YOUR CARRY-
ING HIM?



NEXT
DAY.

SURE, I KNEW
WHO HE WAS!
THAT IS WHY I
CARRIED HIM!

NEXT MONTH SERGEANT BOYLE WITH
HIS FIRST PUBLICATION OF THE WAR AND
MEETS AN OLD FRIEND OF HIS. YOU
CAN GUESS WHO? OR CAN'T YOU? ANY
THING CAN HAPPEN. BETTER NOT MISS IT!

STATION D-E-A-T-H BROADCASTING

A HANGMAN STORY

THELMA'S voice stopped suddenly, and Bob Dickering smiled with amazement. He had watched hundreds of radio broadcasts in the past and he had long ago lost the excitement which hits you when the "ON THE AIR" sign flashes its red gleam across the stage. But this was Thelma's first visit, and she was greatly impressed.

And then, suddenly, Bob stopped smiling and his lean face took on an appearance of grim interest. Something was terribly wrong.

Up on the stage, Michael Lord, popular singer, had been going through his famous routine . . . clutching the microphone in his peculiar fashion and warbling a love song. But now the words caught in his throat, and he clutched the microphone even tighter. Then he slumped forward, his face hideous.

Bob stared at the floor and knew his meaning. It was the look of death!

A great sound of terror welled through the crowd. Even as Jackson Bass, the show's engineer and Lord's best friend, rushed out of his booth and uttered, "Is a doctor present?" a man pushed up on the stage and announced that he was a doctor. Bob walked right behind him, his grim eyes examining Lord's inert form closely.

A moment later the doctor had completed the examination. "I'm sorry," he told Bass, "Michael Lord is dead."

Bass groaned, and covered his eyes; plump face with his hands. "But—how did he die?" he asked.

"Heart attack, I should say," replied the doctor. "There are no visible marks on him, and no symptoms such as would be produced by poison."

Bass turned and looked at the audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, Lord was my friend, and I—I—" His voice broke. "The program has naturally been cut off for the day. Will you all please leave!"

He turned on his heels, and walked into his office back of the stage. Loudly the door slammed and there was a click of a lock.

As Bob and Thelma walked out of the side entrance of the studio, Bob's face was set, certain "That, that doctor was wrong," Bob said. "There was a mark on Lord . . . a small electrical burn on his hand, so small that the doctor probably missed it."

Thelma said, excitedly, "What does it mean?"

"That's what I'm going to find out," Bob said, grimly. "Lord didn't die of heart failure—I was with him when he was examined at my gym last week, and his heart was perfect, Thelma. I think this is a case for the Hangman!"

The studio theater was cold and black as the hooded figure of the Hangman dropped from an open window and moved silently up the empty aisles. Suddenly he stopped, stood rigid.

Someone was playing a flashlight onto the stage; centering a finger of light on the microphone!

The Hangman stopped closer, and now, in his movement, Bob it was Jackson Bass, the engineer. Bass' hands, swathed in a pair of rubber gloves, were working a pair of cutting pliers, easily and familiarly clipping wires from around the microphone.

The Hangman leaped onto the stage, so that the beam of the flashlight played on his figure. "What are you doing?" he asked.

Bass was startled into conversation. "Oh—checking up," he murmured. "I'm trying to see if I can find some clue to help me discover who killed my best friend." He paused, abruptly. "Who are you?"

"I am the Hangman! Look—behind you!"

Bass recoiled, and his face contorted with horror. "The shadow of a man!" he whispered.

"It is the symbol of your doom," said the Hangman, his voice cold, steel-like. "You kill-

ed your best friend! As the engineer, you were the only one who had the opportunity. You knew Lord's habit of clutching the microphone and you wired the make—as that when he clutched it tonight you sent a burst of electricity through and killed him!"

Bass, his lips white, said nothing.

"The room is the symbol of your doom," said the Hangman again. "You shall walk up thirteen steps to the end of rope waiting to break your neck. A black hood shall fit over your face, blotting out your eyes—the rope tightens, tighter, tighter . . ."

Bass shrieked, a horrible sound which echoed and reverberated through the place. He stopped back, wildly. "Sure I did it," he said. "Lord caught me stealing the producer's bank checks to pay off gambling debts, and he threatened to tell." Bass moved to the edge of the stage, and flicked a switch. "This is the switch that opened on the door. . . . Sure I did it, but you'll never tell!" He dove into his pocket, pulled out a revolver and fired.

Cathke, the Hangman, dropped to the side. The bullet hit into the wall. Then he leaped and caught Bass' gun hand.

For minutes, the two fought for possession of the gun; finally it dropped to the floor. Hangman leaped forward and hit Bass twice, hard.

Bass gave up the fight. He darted past the Hangman and started to leap off the stage . . . when his foot collided with the revolver on the floor.

His eyes bulged with terror as he slid, and he opened his mouth to scream, but no sound came out. Then he crashed against the microphone and slid into a thousand volts of electricity that through his body.

Jackson Bass, engineer, had died in the trap he himself had devised!

THESE ARE THE BOYS
WHO ARE SAVING THESE
ALL TO KEEP THE AMER-
ICAN STORY FROM BE-
COMING A LEGEND...
KEEPING IT ETER-
NALLY ALIVE....
THE AMERICAN SOL-
DIER ON THE
FIGHTING FRONT!

AND THIS IS THE WAY YOU
CAN KEEP IT ALIVE. JOIN THE
"YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA"
ON THE HOME FRONT, KEEP THIS
BOOK FILLED. DO IT NOW!



Become "A YOUNG SOLDIER OF AMERICA"

BUY WAR STAMPS THEN FILL OUT THE PLEDGE BELOW
AND MAIL IT TO PEP COMICS - 50 THE SHIELD AND DUSTY -
60 HUDSON ST. (RM. 315) N.Y.C. - WE WILL PRINT YOUR
NAME ON "THE YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA" PAGE....
EVERY ISSUE OF PEP COMICS FROM NOW ON WILL HAVE
A PAGE DEVOTED TO THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA"....

ON MY HONOR AS A LOYAL, PATRIOTIC AMERICAN, I PLEDGE THAT I
HAVE BOUGHT VICTORY STAMPS (OR A STAMP) AND AM ELIGIBLE
FOR THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA" CLUB!

NAME (IN FULL) _____
ADDRESS _____

STREET _____
CITY _____

STATE _____

YOU MAY COPY THIS PLEDGE ON A
POSTCARD AND MAIL THAT INSTEAD.

GOD'S WRIST WATCH

A SERGEANT BOYLE STORY

IT WAS only an hour since they'd started out, but it felt like a month. Every ten minutes Boyle looked at his watch, then at Twerp's watch, and then he cursed because only ten minutes had passed since the last time he'd looked at the watches. It was still so blasted long till night-fall.

They were on a reconnoitering tour, just looking around, and with the sun blazing down and cooking them, the cool night seemed to be the only thing worth looking for.

Boyle was about to look at his watch again, and curse again, when he saw the river. It was one of those fast-running streams which end in falls, the kind you come across deep in the jungles of Africa. He clucked Twerp's shoulder and did a half-dance.

"Off with your clothes, old boy," he shouted. "There's the answer to our prayers!"

Within a minute, their clothes were lying back of the river, their watches were in a hollow tree, safe from the triangle of the numerous small animals which lived in the neighborhood, and they were swimming happily in the cool water. They were so pleased with their new-found coolness that they didn't notice an extra-large wave pick up their clothes and carry it thru the river over the falls.

Two hours later, Boyle suddenly shouted, "Okay, Twerp! Fun's fun, but we've got serious work to finish. Let's go."

They swam onto the shore and walked back to where they'd left their uniforms. That was when they discovered that their clothes were gone with the wave.

Boyle retrieved the watches from the hollow tree and grunted. "Look, Twerp," he said. "These jungles aren't pretty much deserted, but you never can tell. We can't walk around like this. Take a gander and see if you can find some big shrub leaves."

Almost immediately, Twerp was back, whooping wildly. "A man with my brains doesn't need shrub

leaves," he said, heartfully. "Look what I found!" He was clutching two long green cabs, made of a material which was fine and faintly silky.

Boyle stared with interest at the cabs. "Where did you get them?" he asked.

Twerp tilted his eyelids innocently. "Oh, I just came across an empty hut a few feet into the forest. There were in there, so I just—sort of—did some swiping."

Boyle draped at him, and span him about face. "You just bring these back where you got them from. These are ceremonial gowns, and we'll have a tribe on our necks in a minute. . . ." He stopped. "What's the matter?"

Twerp's eyes had grown large in awe and his face was faintly blue.

"E-Boyle," said Twerp, quaking. "Look behind you."

Boyle wheeled. Approximately three hundred savages, well painted, were standing in back of him. Their spears were upraised, and they were obviously not in a good humor.

One savage, even more painted up than the others, and then, "Give back gowns." He said it in a back jungle African dialect with which Boyle was well familiar.

Boyle smiled in an attempt at friendliness while the savage stared woefully at him. "Sure," said Boyle, "sure. No harm intended." He handed back the gowns.

The savage snatched the gowns, clutched them to him. "You will now die. No man outside the tribe doctors may touch these." He turned his head back to the 399 other savages to issue the order.

"W-w-w," said Twerp, who also understood the dialect. "I'm too young to die."

The savage smiled mirthlessly. He raised his hand to give the signal.

Boyle had been thinking fast. "STOP!" he said, in a voice of

thunder. "We are gods! Would you kill your gods?"

"Why fear?" said the savage, curiously. "Gods cannot die of a spear wound."

"You are wrong," said Boyle. "We have taken human form to visit you, and so we can die. Cannot you see that we are gods? We are not just deities, not one of you, and yet we understand your language. How could we do this if we are not gods?"

Panishment spread over the savage's face. "It may be so," he said. A smile worked out his features. "It must be so. The smile broadened. "It is so. Come, we will have great feasting."

Boyle thought fast again. He had to go away. These savages might change their minds again suddenly, and he wasn't willing to take the chance. He would try one last trick.

"No," he said. "We were called back by the higher gods just as we reached earth. The time is, wait you is not yet."

The savage's smile turned into a frown. "You lie," he said. "There are no higher and no lower gods in our religion; we are alike. You are a mortal."

Sweat stood out on Boyle's forehead. "We must go. I shall prove to you that we are gods, and then you may let us go. Observe. We are alive, is it not so?"

"It is so."

"You hear my heart beat, and you know that I am alive. Now I must have my heart, for in my human form I cannot be otherwise. But you see my people and to prove my godhood . . . I will leave you the heart of my Aunt!"

And before the savage's startled eyes, he produced his watch and held it so that the hand told back his steadily against the savage's ear. Then, pausing only to select six large leaves from a nearby shrub, he took Twerp's arm and walked blithely away.

Archie

by
Montana

SEE WHIZ?
THIS IS GREAT!
I'M SO FAST ENOUGH
THE WHEELS DON'T
EVEN TOUCH. AN
IT SAVED THE
TIRES!



?



THAT GUY MUST
THINK HE'S DRIVING
TAR. HE'LL CLIP
HIS TIRE IN A
HURRY!



[I KNOW THIS
IS CORNY, BUT
WHERE'S THE
FIRE, BUDDY?



PURE?
PURE! NO FIRE
OR THAT IS
[SPUTTER]
THAT I
KNOW
OF!



BUT DAD!
IF I DON'T PAY
THIS TEN DOL-
LAR FINE, WHY
WON'T THEY BE
LIABLE TO
THROW
ME IN JAIL!



GOOD!
IT'LL TEACH YOU
A LESSON NOT
TO DRIVE SO FAST.
NO ARGUE! THIS
TIME YOU'LL PAY
THAT FINE
YOURSELF!

SO...
BETTY!
WHERE AM
I SUPPOSE TO GET A LOT
OF THESE WASH ONLY
SOMETHING
COULD BE... OR
DONE BUSINESS
I HAVEN'T TRIED
IN RIVERDALE!



I WISH
COULD HELP
YOU ARCHIE!
I'VE GOT 25¢
IN WAIR
STAMPS!

SMART COY!
SAID I WAS DONE
SOMETHING THAT
CRATE NEVER DID
OVER FORTY-TWO
ON A. WHY AM I
TALKING TO
MYSELF!

HEY!
BETTY!



MRS. BETTY!
SAY, WATCH!
DOES TONIGHT?
WANNA TAKE
IN A SHOW?

NO THANKS!
NOT TONIGHT,
FREDDIE!

SEE WIFE!
BETTY WAS
SO POPULAR
SINCE SHE
STARTED WEAR-
ING SLACKS!

AND AFTER
THE GAME
WE'D HAD-
ONE A DANCE
AND-

WHAT?
SOME CRUISE
THAT GUY HAD?
CAN'T HE SEE
I'M HERE OR DO
LOOK LIKE
PART OF THIS
TREE!

I'M SORRY
BOOBY, BUT
I'M GOING
WITH ARCHIE
TUESDAY
NIGHT!



BOY!
YOU OUGHT
TO OPEN AN
ESCORT AGENCY
WITH ALL THE
DATES THERE
WOULD THROW
AT YOU!

ESCORT AGENCY?
YOU MEAN WHERE
YOU PAY SO MUCH
AND THE AGENCY
SUPPLIES YOU
WITH A PARTNER!



HEY!
THAT'S IT!
I'LL START AN
ESCORT
AGENCY!









BY POPULAR DEMAND THAT DEPART-
 ATING SUBSCESS VERONICA LODGE
 STEPS BACK INTO ARCHIE'S LIFE
 NEXT ISSUE! POOR ARCHIE!
 DON'T MISS IT!!
PEP and JACKPOT comics

bentley

OF SCOTLAND YARD

MY BROTHER,
YOU KNOW AND I
COULD TELL YOU
WONDERFUL
STORIES OF MY
DISCOVERY OF
ANTARCTICA IN
THE SOUTH POLE!
YOU SEE, BENTLEY—
OH, WASN'T
THAT THE RIGHT
DOGBELL!

WHAT WAS THE END
OF THE FROZEN
NORTH THAT STAB-
BED WITH ICE PIN-
NERS INTO THE
VERY HEART OF LON-
DON? HOW DID SHE
BRING DEATH CHILL
THE MARROW OF
THE PRETENDING
"INNOCENT"? READ
ONWARD DISCOVER
FOR YOURSELF HOW
BENTLEY OF
SCOTLAND YARD
NERVOUSLY SOLVED
THE MOST BARRING
CASE IN THE ANNALS
OF...

KEEP IT DOWN
ALL THIS IS
MAJOR SEARSON'S
HOUSE, ALL RIGHT!





THE FOREMAN GREETED THEM

WELL, IF IT ISN'T MAJOR GRAYSON! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

DO YOU KNOW THE MAJOR FOREMAN?



I GUESS DO! I HAD THE FIRST HATE ON MY LAST TRIP, AND HE CHASED ME OUT OF THREE MONTHS' PAY!



I DID NOT WALTHER! YOU WERE INSUBORDINATE!



THESE ARE THE HATS YOU ASKED TO SEE, GENTLEMEN! ALL THE ICE-CARDS ARE MADE HERE!



AND WHEN THEY'RE FROZEN THEY CRACK THROUGH THOSE CHUTES!

OH, MAJOR, COME HERE A MINUTE!



DO YOU KNOW ANY REASON WHY DR. BLADE SHOULD BE MURDERED?



GODDAMN!

BELT IT IN, RALPH!



AND THE MAJOR TUMBLES INTO THE FREEZING VATE, AS HIS BROTHER DON TRIES TO SAVE HIM...



HURRY UP, WALTERS. SHUT OFF THE FREEZING CONTROL!



BUT IT IS TOO LATE! ANOTHER
LIFE IS SNAPPED OUT BY THE
SUB-ZERO DEATH...



BENTLEY
DASHED
TO THE CON-
TROL ROOM.

"HOW TERRIBLE!
BROTHER (GOD-
GOD)!"



THEY REACHED BENT-
LEY, LEAVING THE
PAGES TIE.

"HEY, YOU!
SHUT OFF
THE CONTROLS!"



"WHAT'S
YOUR NAME?"

"JULIAN
THOMAS.
SO WHAT?"



MAJOR GRAYSON'S BEEN
KILLED OFFER TO YOUR
CARELESSNESS. WHY
DIDN'T YOU SHUT THIS
OFF WHEN I SHOUTED
TO YOU?

"ER
DIDN'T
HEAR
YOU?"



"GRAYSON? THAT
FOURFLUSHER! MY
ASSISTANT JOE HERE,
AND I HATE HIM
EVER SINCE THAT LAST
EXPEDITION!"



"SEEM TO BE A LOT OF
CHAOS HERE WHO KNOW
GRAYSON. VERY STRANGE!
WHY BENTLEY COME
HERE A MINUTE!"



AND AS BENTLEY
LEAVES.

"WHAT THAT GOD-
LAND YARD GUY DOESN'T
KNOW WOULD KILL
A BOOK!"



AS BENTLEY RUNS TOWARD THE FOREMAN...

GREAT SCOTT!
WHAT'S THIS?



THE ENORMOUS
TONGS OF THE
TRANSFER
ICE 'CAKES
SNAP AT
BENTLEY'S
LEGS!



STRUGGLING FRANTIC
ALLY BENTLEY IS
CARRIED PERILOUSLY
INTO THE AIR



IF I DON'T MAKE
THIS I'LL BE
CRUSHED
TO DEATH!

AMH!
THANK
HEAVEN!



RECOVERING HIS FOOT FREE OF THE
IRON CLAWS, BENTLEY
REACHES HIS TO

INSIDE THAT DOOR
IS THE MURDERER OF
BLADE AND GRAYSON
...AND I KNOW
WHO HE IS!



WHAT CUNNING
MURDERER LIES
IN WAIT IN THE
CONTROL CABIN?
BENTLEY
KNOWS HIS
IDENTITY!
DO YOU?
IS IT...

DONALD GRAYSON
FOREMAN WALTERS
JILLIAN THOMAS
MISTRESSMAN JOE
PICK YOUR SUSPECT
AND THEN TURN THE
PAGE!

